

CALLY RYLAND, in Southern Woman's Magazine

the cook would be particularly busy inside.

Bennie Smith had been appointed raider in his place. Snigger was sore about it. Bennie was a deep one and already Snigger saw signs that he was working for the presidency. Gloom unmitigated descended upon his spirits. Even the sallies of the sometime charming Mary Moore failed to rouse him to repartee.

Nine twenty-five! Sniggers' ears pricked in his anxiety to hear through three walls what was going on in the backyard outside. Supper at last. He drew a deep breath. By squash! if they'd left so much as a saucer of ice cream behind he'd get it, yes, and eat it, too, Mary Moore or no Mary Moore. Let her tell his mother on him if she wanted to. Let her tell the whole roomful and holler it from the housetop. He had been cut out of the bananas and he'd been cut out of Bennie's snake, but he'd be sawed asunder if he was goin' to be cut out of all the ice cream there was.

Swiftly Snigger sped to the dining room and swiftly, with the deftness of long practice, gathered up four saucers of ice cream; neatly he balanced them with the grace of a juggler on his outstretched hands and wrists, and smoothly he carried them back to the table at which he had left Mary Moore waiting for him.

Snigger was no glutton, as gluttons go, but this evening he was a sore, hurt and cheated man, and he meant to have his revenge by gobbling three saucers of ice cream to Mary Moore's one. Horror struck to his soul. Mary Moore, not the unsociable animal her cousin had proved himself, had made room for her three best cronies and bosom friends at the little table, and Snigger, with a tidal wave of rebellion rising within him, perceived that with all his plans and schemes he had brought just enough saucers to go around.

Madly he slammed them on the table. One of them upset on Mary Moore's new pink dress, but what did he care. His heart was bursting with a knowledge that no one in the room shared, and with a snort of rage he plunged into the dining room. Ice cream he would have though the heavens fell; and even as he darted through the door and made a mad dash for the serving table where the ice cream was dispensed, the heavens fell indeed, for Mrs. McAdams, in a subdued, agonized whisper which fell harshly upon his ears through the pantry door, was calling "Boulevard 1466" and pleading with the girl to "ring hard. Somebody has stolen a whole freezer of my ice cream and I haven't nearly enough to go around. You can't get them? You think they have closed for the night? O, you must get them; try again, please. They won't answer?"

With the click of the receiver the iron entered into Sniggers' soul.

BURNING WORDS TO DIS-

LOYALISTS.

(Tampa Tribune.)

In all Aemrica no man probably hates war more sincerely and honestly than William Jennings Bryan. Whatever one may think of propriety in doing so, there is little doubt he left President Wilson's cabinet because he thought he could more effectively work for peace in private life.

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In all America no man probably hates war more sincerely and honestly than William Jennings Bryan. Whatever one may think of propriety in doing so, there is little doubt he left President Wilson's cabinet because he thought he could more effectively work for peace in private life.

But Bryan is no pro-German. He is not a disloyalist nor a traitor. When his country has decided upon a course of action Bryan, like the loyal citizen he is, salutes and obeys. He is a good American, like most of us.

Recently, in his paper, Bryan wrote:

"Before our nation enters a war it is proper to discuss the wisdom of going to war, but discussion is closed when Congress acts. After that no one should cloak attacks upon this government or aid the enemy under the claim that he is exercising freedom of speech.

"No sympathy will be wasted upon those who have been arrested for unpatriotic utterances. They abuse free speech, and this applies to attacks upon the allies as well as upon the United States. We can no more allow our allies to be crushed than we can afford to be crushed. The defeat of our allies would throw the whole burden of the war upon us. We must stand together and fight it through. There are only two sides to a war. Every American must be on the side of the United States."

This should be the attitude of loyal Americans. It answers to every disloyalist in the country. It answers the Sinn Feiners who attack England and the German-American who try to play the German game, while skirting close to sedition. It answers every pro-German editor printing stuff in which poison is insidiously inserted. It answers every Senator like Vandarmen who, under his toga's protection, talks like a Junker in the Reichstag.

It makes our duty clear to every one of us. There are but two sides to this war—the American and the German. The English, French, Italians and Russians are with us. The Austrians, Bulgars and Turks side with Germany. Any man in this country who is not ready to talk for the American side, put up money for it, write for it, pray for it and fight for it is an enemy, avowed or implied. And he should be treated as such.

A Full Order.

A high-school girl recently inquired of a librarian. "Have you a book on 'American education in the twelfth century'?"—Christian Register.